

# A Ballad intituled, The Old mans Complaint against his wretched Son who to advance his marriage did undo himself.



**A**ll you that Fathers be,  
look on my misery,  
Let not affection fond,  
work your extremity.  
For to advance my Son,  
in marriage wealthily,  
I have my self undone,  
without all remedy.  
I that was wont to live,  
uncontroul'd any way,  
With many checks and taunts,  
am grieved every day.  
Alack and wo is me,  
I that might late command,  
Cannot have a bit of bread,  
but at my childrens hand.  
While I was wont to sit,  
chief at the Table end,  
Now like a serving slave,  
must I on them attend.  
I must not come in place,  
where their friends merry be,  
Lest I should my Son disgrace,  
with my unreverency.  
My coughing in the night,  
offends my daughter in Law,  
My drabness and ill sight,  
doth much disliking draw.  
He on this doating fool,  
this crooked churl quoth he,  
The chimney corner still,  
must with him troubled be.  
I must rise from my chair,  
to give my children place,  
I must speak Servants fare,  
this is my wofull case.  
Unto their friends they tell,  
I must not say they lye.  
What they do keep me here,  
even of meer charity.

When I am sick in bed,  
they will not come me nigh,  
Each day they wish me dead,  
yet say he never dye.  
O Lord ant be thy will,  
look on my wofull case  
No honest man before;  
ever took such disgrace.  
This was the old mans plaint  
every night and day.  
With too he wared faint,  
but mark what I must say.  
This rich and dainty pair,  
the young man and his wife  
Though clog'd with golden coyne,  
yet led a grievous life.  
Seven year they married were,  
and yet in all this space,  
God gave them ne'r an heir  
their Riches to increase.  
Thus did their sorrow breed,  
joy was from them exil'd,  
Quoth he a hundred pound,  
would I give for a child.  
To have a joyfull child,  
of my own body born,  
Full oft am I Rebell'd,  
of th's my barren womb.  
Much Whysick did she take,  
to make a fruitfull soyl,  
And with excess thereof,  
she did her body spoyle.  
Full of grief full of pain,  
full of Ach grew she then,  
What she cries out again,  
seek for some cunning men.  
What I my health may have,  
I will no money spare,  
But that which she did crave,  
never fell to her share.

Alack Alack she said,  
what Torments I live in,  
How well are they paid,  
that truly ease can win.  
So that I my health had,  
and from this pain were free,  
I would give all my wealth,  
that blessed day to see.  
O that I had my health,  
though I were ne'r so poor,  
I car'd not though I went,  
begging from door to door.  
He on this much quoth he,  
it cannot please me,  
In this my wofull case,  
and great extremity.  
Thus liv'd she long in pain,  
all comfort from her fled,  
She strangled at the last,  
her self within her bed.  
Her husband full of grief,  
consuming wofully,  
His body pined away,  
suddenly he did dye.  
Ere thirty years were past,  
dye'd he without a will,  
And by this means at last,  
the old man living still.  
Enjoy'd his Land at last,  
after much misery,  
Many years after that,  
liv'd he most happily.  
Far Richer then before,  
by this means was he known,  
He helpt the sick and sore,  
the poor man overtrown.  
But this was all his done;  
let all men understand,  
Whole parents are accurst,  
live on their childrens hand.